

TATTERSALL'S CLUB (SYDNEY)

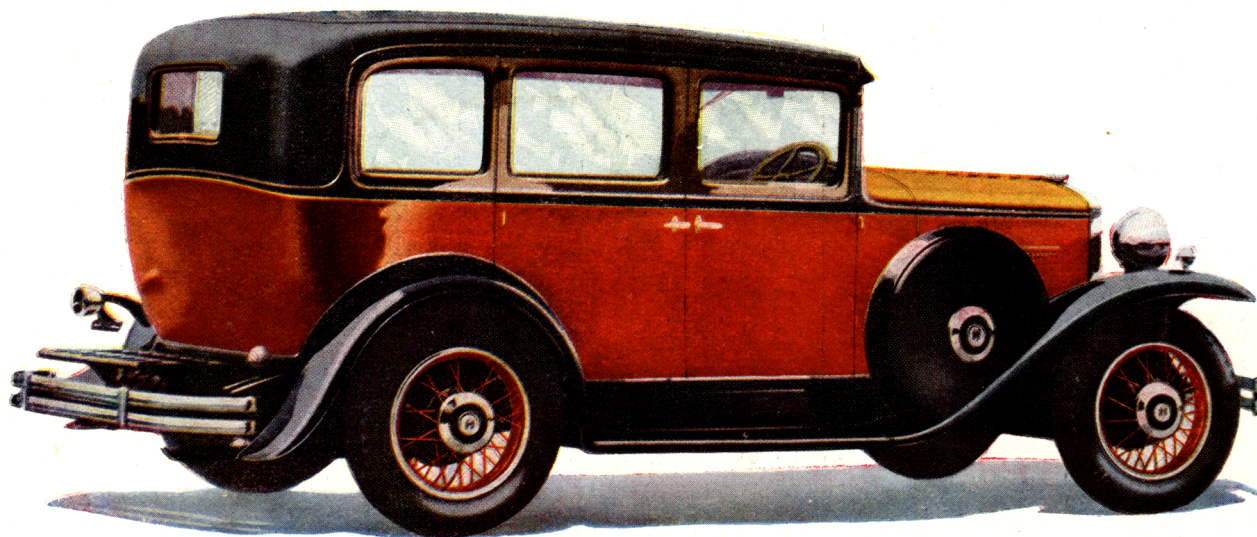


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TATTERSALL'S CLUB (Sydney) MAGAZINE

Vol. 2. No. 4.

May 7, 1930.

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Tattersall's Club Sydney

Established 1858



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Secretary:

T. T. Manning

Coming Events

May 14th: Annual General
Meeting of Club members in
the Club Room at 8 o'clock
p.m.

May 14th: Tattersall's Golf
Club outing. La Perouse.
First Round of A. C. Ingham
Cup.

May 17th: Tattersall's Club
Race Meeting. Randwick.

June 10th: Bridge Club Even-
ing.

June 28th: Dinner Dance.

July 8th: Bridge Club Evening.

July 19th: Dinner and Dance.

August 5th: Bridge Club Even-
ing.

August 23rd: Third Annual
Ball.

September 2nd: Bridge Club
Evening.

September 20th: Dinner and
Dance.

October 11th: Dinner and
Dance.

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The Back Garden of Allah

(R. J. Minney.)

They would not let me go into the back garden of Allah alone.

The young Englishman who was Deputy Commissioner of the Calcutta Police, removed his white sun helmet and wiped the sweat off the brown leather band inside. Then he passed his sopping handkerchief over his tanned, bony jaw, on which a ribbon of white, untinted flesh glared coldly from ear to ear.

"Not alone," he repeated. "They would get you. And we have enough on our hands without having to inquire into the murder of a reckless Englishman. Come inside."

We passed from the blinding glare of the verandah, where June pressed itself against the face like a hot-water bottle, into the cool twilight of his shuttered office with its swirling electric fan and its tinkling glasses of ice-water. A button on his desk brought three un-uniformed native detectives into the room. With these men as guides, I ventured that night into the narrow, twisted alleyways that Kipling, equally equipped by the police, had explored forty years before.

The hand of civilisation has flung a dozen wide streets across the Indian underworld, streets along which large red double-decked omnibuses rumble and snort as if come fresh from the Bank in quest of the road to Mandalay. You would not think, as I didn't, standing under the bright lights of these thoroughfares, gazing up at the large stone buildings with their calm, solemn dignity so Pall-Mallish and club-like, that in the darkness around the corner lurked vice and crime and death—a hideous, foul, stirring shadow—a thousand shadows.

"This way, sahib," one of my guides whispered, his breath pleasingly cool against my ear and throat on that warm night.

And we entered Allah's back-garden.

At first we could see nothing. The night was too black. The darkness too near me. Shoulders touched mine. I was conscious of passing elbows. My nostrils were assailed by a thousand stinking smells, mingled with which was the delicious sweetness of Oriental perfume. And the darkness thinned, revealing doorways dimly lighted, shrouded forms that moved about like grey ghosts, bulls that challenged humanity for a right of way, pariah dogs sniffing amid a piled heap of decaying rubbish.

In the distance, as the bend in the narrow street presented a new vista, glowed the orange lights of a roadside restaurant, in which, behind the low ranges on which fragments of meat crackled and hissed from long iron spits and little round flour cakes danced and purred in pans, sat bare-bodied brown men, their knees drawn up to their eyes, their heads bowed to their dishes.

At the entrance a bare, bearded man, whose round, hairy immensity thrust the book from him, was chanting the Koran, his legs folded under him, steel-rimmed glasses on his nose. At the sight of us his voice scaled to a wondrous trill that would have won the admiration of many. But most of the diners rose as if in dis-

gust, and faded into the unlighted recesses of the eating-house.

"You see that?" whispered my guide. "That man at the entrance, by the inflexion of his voice, has given them a signal. All those men who slunk away are old offenders, but to that fat, bearded restaurant-keeper they are also old customers." He raised his voice, "Not to-night, Nawab; we do not come to-night on business."

The fat man rose slowly and salamed as we entered.

"Why not?" he said fearlessly. "I am but an honest man."

Here, in Kipling's days, I was told, white sailor men used to come off the sailing ships and mingle with the Indians, eating while they might, quarrelling when they must, and partaking of the night's gaiety as their means permitted. Here was fought many a drunken brawl, attended by bloodshed. Here to-day are still fought drunken brawls, but white sailor-men no longer come here. They have their own haunts. The Indians wear knives at the waist—folding pocket-knives, butchers' knives, blades as wide as kukris, which leap out at the sound of the first hard word.

"Last night," my guide told me in an undertone, as we pretended to sip our tea at a low, littered table that was stained with curry and blotched with the yellow of spilled sherbet—"last night in one such place we found an old offender with a list of crimes against him as high as Mount Everest. An assistant commissioner was of our party, and the villain fought for his life with a short blade, just missing the assistant commissioner's throat by a few inches."

One other night we explored further depths of this evil, twisted darkness. We visited an opium den that was a mud and thatch mansion of quite extensive dimensions, but silent as a well. My guide placed his hand upon a patch of darkness which sank and offered an entry. We stumbled up a tortuous wooden staircase, the planks of which were all loose and a number missing; and after my head had bumped the low roof we found ourselves in a long verandah that was dark and seemingly deserted.

The police knocked at one of a dozen doors shut against us, and after the interchange of many words and assurances, we were admitted.

The Indians do not smoke opium in the Chinese manner. Instead of the long pipe they have a sort of dwarfed hookah, with a mouthpiece stuck into its tubby waist, and a tiny cup fixed on top as a head. Into this cup the opium is put in pellets, one at a time. Then a match is applied. After a few puffs the pellet goes pop and leaps out of the cup more viciously and more vigorously than Mark Twain's celebrated jumping frog. The smoke is then over and a fresh pellet has to be put in.

"These men," said my guide, "smoke many of these opium pellets in a night. They get about a dozen for a penny."

When we returned to the verandah our eyes, accustomed now to the gloom, picked out of the darkness the

recumbent figures of many who had passed into that paradisaical dream that opium-smokers seek.

On the southern fringe of Calcutta, with its breast to the holy River Hugli that seeks the sea with a dozen mouths, reclines gracelessly, droningly, the unalluring suburb of Watgunge, where Chinamen shuffle by with hands in their sleeves, and Japanese slouch in gaudy kimonos and sombre soft hats; where Arabs part their dark beards and bare their white teeth in happy laughter; where smugglers lie in deep, evil-smelling sewers awaiting their opportunity. The police know these sewers. They have fought in them with armed men. They have bled in them. Smugglers have died in them.

My guide held out his arm as a shadow crept by. It stopped, and two narrow, almond eyes smiled a greeting.

"When did you come out?" the policeman asked.

"Last month," replied the almond-eyed shadow, and, bowing, passed on.

"That man," said my guide, "kept a curio shop. He was always importing beautiful porcelain idols from China. One day we discovered that these idols were filled with opium."

A thin, hollow-chested Hindu limped past us. The policeman flashed his torch upon the man's leg. "See that scar," he told me—a dark, wrinkled streak formed a folded, toothless mouth from the ankle to the back of the knee. "This man, after being caught red-handed with smuggled goods, turned informer against his gang. That scar was their revenge. He was left for dead in one of these sewers and was rescued by the police."

The man salaamed low.

"I respectable now," he said. "I keep shop."

In the winding lanes off Upper Chitpore, where Kipling saw the ancestral home of the Ghoses and Boses rubbing shoulders with houses of ill-fame, I found his Dainty Iniquity and Fat Vice—but they no longer wear their gorgeous diamond nose rings and the glittering armlets and anklets that once made each beauty blaze like a lighthouse. They have put away these precious adornments. They are afraid. "Too many of them," a whisper informed me, "have had their throats cut for their dazzling gems. They are wise now. They have lawyers here every night in each of these tall mansions you see around us—lawyers who are there to settle disputes, to see that everything goes right."

The narrow gully was a-quiver with song. Bangles chimed behind lattices. A heavy perfume floated through the air oppressively. There was the music of girls' laughter. We trod over filth. Our shoes squelched in puddles. My guide lent a hand. A step or two here—a step or two there, and we saw the glimmer of something in a balcony above.

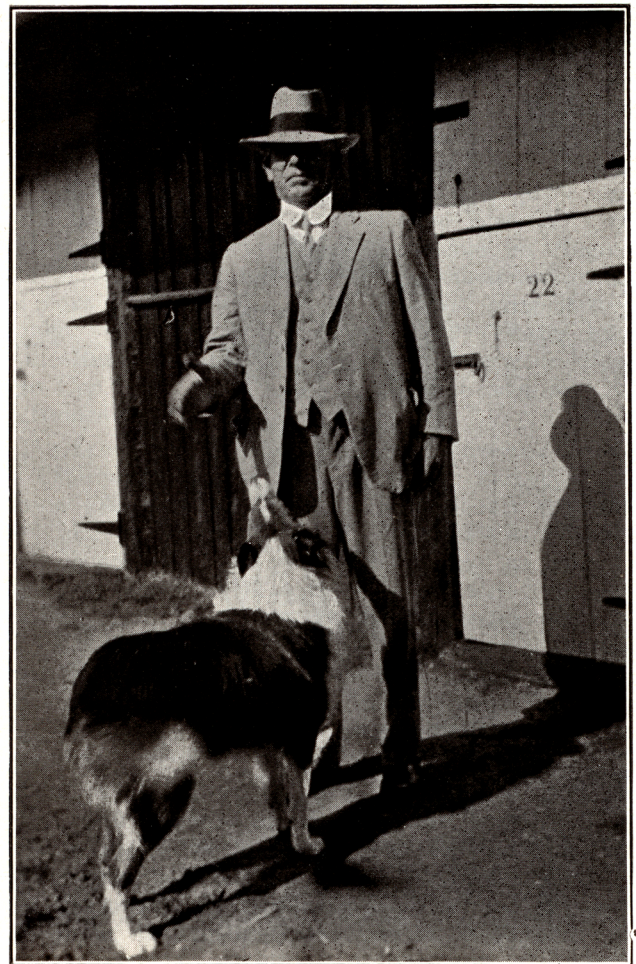
It was not difficult to see that we were now in a courtyard—extremely small and narrow—in the depth of the welling darkness of the high flats around, with a strip of sky and stars far, far above us—the merest glimpse granted heaven to look down upon this iniquity.

More darkness and then the stairs. On the balcony that we had seen from below there was a rustle of silk and the jingle of anklets and a soft, caressing hand took mine as the guides and I stepped into the lighted,

jasmine-scented room. I saw a neat, scantily-clad figure slip in from the balcony. After a word or two we were gone—and soft, dreaming, amber eyes followed me down the stairs into the darkness and into that world of luxury and civilisation that is Calcutta—a spark of the old country fallen in a strange setting.

The back-garden of Allah lies in the shadows of Bombay, Madras, Delhi—within nasal range of the bazaars, within the aural radius of the clamant tram-cars and motors; within sight of the Taj Mahal in Agra, that noble love story that cold, white marble tells nightly to the moon of an Emperor's devotion to the wife he mourned.

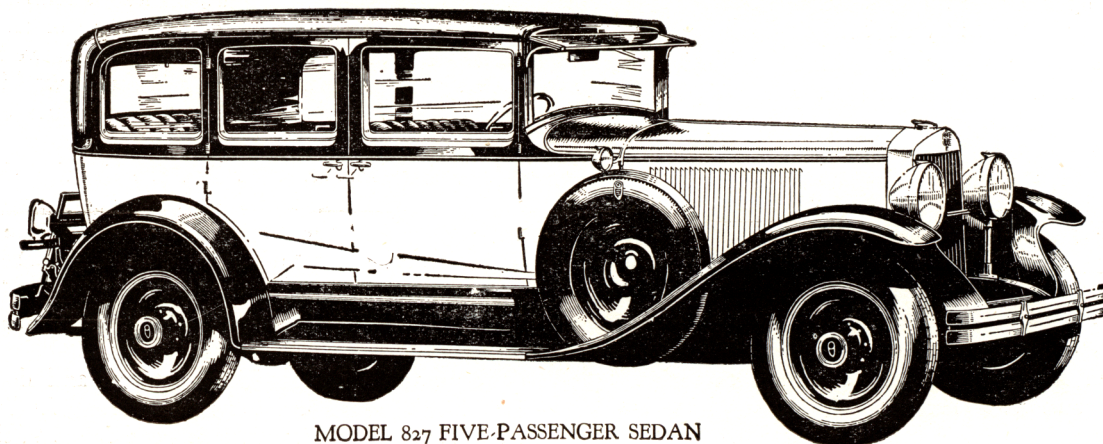
Here, with the inspiring minarets and dome gleaming at us through the lattices, we saw lithe-limbed girls twist their sepia forms in a serpent dance to the wailing



Mr. James F. Foster, master of Cullengoral Stud, who bid nearly £10,000 to purchase Rossendale.

music of a drowsy orchestra of bearded men whose eyes had wearied of this nightly profusion of feminine charm bartered by the time-glass to all-comers.

And when the music ceased, when the orchestra had tumbled forward in slumber, I heard a footfall outside which sounded like the step of Satan come to collect the dustbins from the back-garden of Allah.



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Early Coursing in Australia

(Compiled by E. S. Marks, M.L.A., Life Member, National Coursing Association of N.S.W. and Member of Tattersall's Club, from records in his Sporting Library.)

The earliest record of coursing with hares in Australia was the formation of the Victorian Coursing Club in 1873. Sir William Clarke was the first President, and associated with him were a number of leading lawyers, doctors, merchants, squatters, and members of both Houses of Parliament. Every vessel calling at Melbourne about this time brought out a consignment of greyhounds from all the leading kennels in England. Two of the first dogs to arrive here were Pell Mell and Cumloden.

The first public gathering in Victoria took place at Sir William Clarke's estate on May 29th, 1873, Richard Tattersall was judge and M. Whelan slipper, and according to the daily papers of the day the elite of Melbourne were present, including Sir George and Lady Bowen. The stake known as the Sunbury Stakes was for 32 dogs at 3 guineas each, the winner's prize being £25 and a piece of plate valued at £20. The stake was won by Mr. G. Plant's Nicodemus, who defeated Mr. T. Haydon's Pell Mell in the final course.

For the first Waterloo Cup in Victoria, the judge, Mr. Warwick, was brought out from England at a high fee, and he was succeeded as judge by Mr. Frank Gardner.

After Whelan retired as slipper, R. G. Banner took up the running, subsequently followed by George Bignell. Most of the trainers were brought from the old country and were paid high fees, and eventually settled in Australia.

The Hon. William Pitt, M.L.C., followed Messrs. Warwick and Gardner as judge. The first slip steward was Mr. Sam Waldock, Master of the Flemington Hounds.

Prior to 1873 hares were protected as imported game, and woe to anyone who shot or hunted the hare. They were protected, and a very heavy fine was imposed upon anyone having a dead hare in his possession.

Owing to the genial climate in Australia, hares, like all other game, increased and multiplied amazingly, and the laws and regulations were relaxed, and the regulations were altered to permit of coursing.

The Waterloo Cup was established in South Australia, and was held at Narracoote in 1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873.

It is related that the starting of coursing in South Australia was due to a kangaroo hunt in Moy-hall in 1868, when, on the return home a wallaby started up before 11 greyhounds, which immediately gave chase, and dropping off one by one the marsupial managed to get clear of the lot. A coursing sportsman who had recently attended the Waterloo Cup in England being one of the number suggestively remarked, "If these things can run like this, I see nothing to hinder the formation of a coursing club." Mr. Connor, the gentleman referred to, afterwards succeeded in his object, and the following year ran the first Waterloo Cup ever run in Australia. And thus must be awarded the honour of

establishing coursing in Australia. At the first Waterloo Cup in 1868 Jason and Blackadder divided, paddymelons (wallabies) being the game coursed. Prior to 1873 kangaroo rats were also used for coursing, and even later the writer, when at West Maitland, has seen coursing with the miniature kangaroos at the Albion Ground of that town.

The first Victorian Waterloo Cup was held at Sunbury (W. J. Clarke's estate) by the Victorian Coursing Club on August 14th, 1873, and resulted in Miss Heller defeating Pilot in the final. The winner was bred by Mr. Thomas Batt, of the Yarra Flats, by Seaman from his imported bitch Fly. Seaman was by Delegate, an imported dog.

The second Waterloo Cup was held at Wallace's Paddock, Diggers Rest, on August 3rd to 8th, 1874, and was won by Mr. McCulloch's Royal Water (Cauld Kail—Rose Water), Mr. Warwick acting as judge and R. G. Banner as slipper. For the third Waterloo Cup held at Vine Yard and Wallace's paddock on August 16th to 20th, 1875, 24 imported greyhounds took part, the nomination fee was 25 guineas and prize money £1,000. The final was won by Sandy (Master McGrah—Medal), who had run up for the previous Waterloo Cup. Mr. Frank Gardner acted as judge and R. G. Banner as slipper.

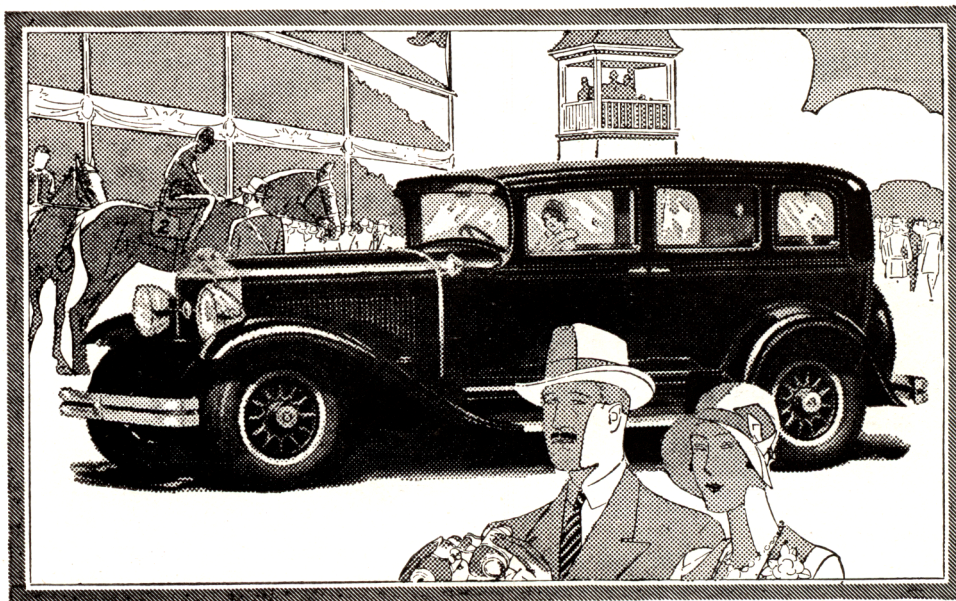
The first St. Leger was held by the Victorian Coursing Club at Wallace's Paddock, opposite Digger's Rest Station (W. J. Clarke's estate) on May 14th to 18th, 1874, and was won by Lavender Water (Wharfinger—Aron Water); Mr. Warwick acted as judge and R. G. Banner as slipper. The Derby and Oaks were first held on April 21st, 22nd and 23rd, the following year on W. J. Clarke's estate, Mr. A. Hopkin's Sea Breeze (Sea Swell—Fly) winning the Derby, and Mr. W. Watson's Barratta (Cumloden—Miss Heller) the Oaks, Mr. Frank Gardner acting as judge and R. G. Banner as slipper.

In 1876 the Australian Club was formed in Melbourne, and consisted of members from Victoria, Tasmania and New South Wales, with the Governors of each State as patrons. A number of prominent members of the Victorian Coursing Club formed the new club. The headquarters were on the Werribee Park Estate, placed at the disposal of the Club by Messrs. Chirnside. The first meeting was held on April 20th and 21st, and Mr. James Hearn acted as judge and R. G. Banner as slipper.

Coursing spread, and the Longtails were seen at Ballarat, Polwarth, Ararat, Broadmeadows, Clunas, Marathon, Moorabool, Somerton, Geelong, Echuca, and other places, and coursing extended to New Zealand, South Australia, Tasmania, and New South Wales, hares being supplied from Victoria.

The first New Zealand Waterloo Cup was held in 1878, and resulted in a win for Mr. H. Prince's Magic

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(Farrier—Regalia), who defeated Mr. R. Mason's Mechanic (Farrier—Regalia).

According to the "Sydney Mail," the first public coursing meeting in New South Wales was held on May 8th, 1876, at Bathurst, and credit for the function must be given to the brothers Lee. These gentlemen for some time had expended money in introducing hares from Victoria, and had spared no efforts to protect them on their estate. The event was for 32 greyhounds, the bona fide property of members of the New South Wales Club, at £5/5/-. The nominators included some of the best known sportsmen in New South Wales, such well-known names taking part: W. Hill, W. McQuade, E. Lee, J. Weir, A. Thompson, E. de Mestre, P. Doherty, J. Carpenter, W. R. Hall, H. McQuade, Hon. W. K. Cox and W. Lee.

The "Sydney Mail" states "It was surprising to see what excitement the affair caused in the City of the Plains. Visitors arrived from Sydney, Dubbo, Wellington, Mudgee, and intermediate places; beds at the hotels were at a premium, and hares and hounds formed the topic of the hour. A cavalcade of horsemen, intermingled with vehicles of all descriptions, including Cobb and Coy.'s large coaches, laden with passengers, were all en route to Macquarie Plains.

The final was won by Mr. E. Lee's Snowstorm (Breadalbane—Lady Thriftless). Mr. Frank Gardner, reckoned the Father of Coursing in New South Wales, acted as judge, with S. Bladen, also from the old land, as slipper. Mr. Gardner died in 1880, and Bladen afterwards was one of our most successful owners, and won numerous stakes in New South Wales.

Coursing was carried on for about five years at the Plains at Bathurst, and then discontinued. The game, however was carried on by a number of well-known sportsmen, prominent amongst whom were Messrs. Lamb, Tooth and McQuade, who established grounds at Woodstock, Bowral and Windsor.

On May 13th to 16th, 1879, the New South Wales Club held its Derby and Oaks at Bathurst. The Derby was won by Mr. G. L. Lord's Lelex (Barmby—Sea Wave), who defeated Mr. G. Hellfern's Haddington (Barmby—Jezebel) and the Oaks by Mr. G. L. Lord's Lethe (Barmby—Sea Wave) from Mr. W. Lee Junr.'s Legend (Juguitha—Jenny Lind). Mr. Johnston acted as judge and Mr. Wilson as slipper.

On June 4th, 1879, another Derby and Oaks was held at Woodstock, Rooty Hill, the home of Mr. W. H. Lamb. The Derby was won by Mr. W. Lee, junr., Lapedist (Barmby—Sea Wave). Mr. W. Kite's Kelson (Lady Clifton—Sharp Practice) was runner-up, and the Oaks by Mr. L. Lord's Lethe (Barmby—Sea wave), with Mr. W. H. Lamb's Leeway (Guardman—Jessamine) as runner-up.

Mr. J. Johnston acted as judge and Mr. W. Wilson as slipper. The nominations included, among others, Messrs. W. H. Lamb, L. Lord, G. Hill, R. L. Tooth, W. R. Hall, Hon. E. K. Cox and De Belisario.

The New South Wales St. Leger was held at Bathurst on May 15th, 1878, and resulted in a win for Mr. D. Jones' Jeanette (Gondolier—Syren), who defeated Mr. J. Weir's Wild Deer (Tumult—Margery Daw).

Mr. J. Johnson acted as judge and W. Wilson as slipper.

In 1880, Plumpton, a more correctly named enclosed coursing became the universal order of the day, and enclosed grounds became established all over Australia. Since then the classical events in Victoria and New South Wales have been held in enclosed grounds, although open coursing is still to a limited extent practised in Tasmania and South Australia, and some of the border towns of Victoria and New South Wales.

Forthcoming Racing Fixtures

MAY.

Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 10th
TATTERSALL'S CLUB .. SATURDAY, 17th
Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 24th
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm), Saturday 31st

JUNE.

Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 7th
Aust. Jockey Club (King's Birthday), Monday, 9th
Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 14th
Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 21st
Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 28th

JULY.

Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 5th
Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 12th
Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 19th
Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 26th

AUGUST.

Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 2nd
Moorefield Racing Club (Bank Holiday), Mon., 4th
Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 9th
Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 16th
Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 23rd
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 30th

SEPTEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 6th
TATTERSALL'S CLUB .. SATURDAY, 13th
Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 20th
Hawkesbury Racing Club Saturday, 27th

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 4th
Aust. Jockey Club (Eight Hour Day), Monday, 6th
Australian Jockey Club Wednesday, 8th
Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 11th
City Tattersall's Club Saturday, 18th
Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 25th
Rosehill Racing Club Wednesday, 29th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 1st
Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 8th
Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 15th
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 22nd
Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 29th

DECEMBER.

Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm), Wednesday, 3rd
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 6th
Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 13th
Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 20th
Aust. Jockey Club (Boxing Day) .. Friday, 26th
TATTERSALL'S CLUB .. SATURDAY, 27th

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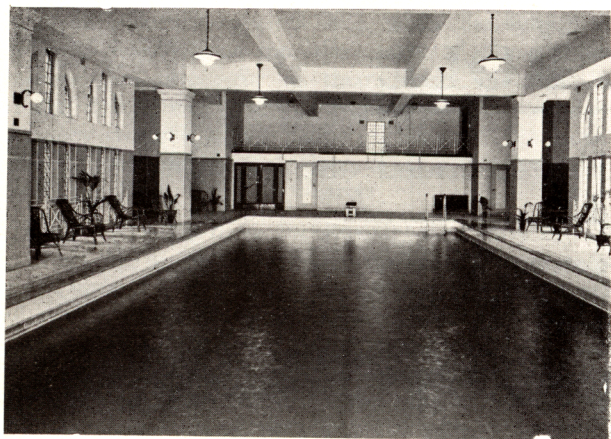
F. T. BRIDGES, Acting General Manager

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Round About The Club

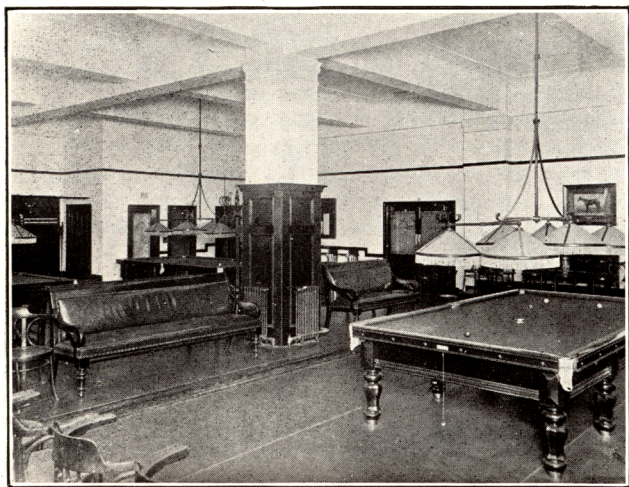
(By C. Price Conigrave.)

Off-hand, one supposes, the average Club member would not realise that the Club is so cosmopolitan in its membership as it really is, that term, of course, being used in its best sense. But the other afternoon there was a little knot of members chatting, and some of them taking tea, and conversation drifted, as it always seems to, from one topic to the other when men fore-



The Swimming Pool, Tattersall's Club.

gather to congenially spend an hour or two together. Those few members comprised men who in days gone by had known most parts of this big whirling globe, and it was just the merest reference to some American subject that drew forth from one grey-haired gentleman the remark that, "Yes, I was a bit younger then when we



Tattersall's Club Billiard Room.

rounded the Horn bound for home." And the old sea-dog put in details of what that exploit meant, his memory giving a touch of otherwise long-forgotten things to the passing conversation. In that connection the majority of men know well enough that in circumstances

such as I have referred to, they are likely to hear from even their most intimate pals things about their long ago doings that up till then had not been thought about in terms of their friendship. For that paramount reason the Club-room must be always the very centre of Club life and activity and the clearing house, so to speak, of Club opinions. After all, it is there that the spirit of clubship, at its best, is exemplified. Leaving aside for the moment those special occasions when the Club is the crowded rendezvous for those particularly interested in racing events, the big Club room on any afternoon of any week will afford lots of interest to the average ordinarily constituted sort of fellow. One man comes in and nine times out of ten, after nodding here and there to those whom he knows, he goes to his regular corner and betakes himself to reading a paper. Men, particularly as they get older, are inclined to get set in their habits, and to more or less follow the same procedure in their leisure time. Somewhat curiously I confess I've been



The Card Room, Tattersall's Club.

interested in watching ; one cannot help watching, the ordinary actions of the ordinary man when in the quiet, congenial atmosphere of his Club he settles down to enjoy himself along this line or that. One gathers that there is real enjoyment in the fact that day after day—as soon as one or the other of two well-known members arrives there's an understanding smile between them and a "Well, what about it?" and then—to the domino table for hours! And for the most part there's an audience to their play, keen as mustard as they are upon it.

Conversation between men covers a queer and wonderful range of subjects and I fancy that a census of topics, to the exposition of which the average man either listens or adds his quota in the Club, would be surprising, to say the least. For instance, a fortnight ago two well-known Clubmen, who for the nonce had

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

HONOUR ROLL

Of members who have proposed or seconded one or more new members.

An asterisk is placed opposite the name of a member to denote each additional new member proposed or seconded by him.

Proposer.		Seconders.	
Armitage, T. E.	Hill, A. C. W.	Armstrong, W. V.	Hartland, J.
Ashcroft, C. A.	Kelly, R. T.	Alderson, R. H.	Hinwood, A. W.
Alldritt, F. R.	Levy, P. B.	Bingle, A. S.	Johnson, H. F.
Bloom, L.	Logan, W. H.	Bowden, H. R.	Lawrence, S.
Buxton, J. H.	Lewis, C. E.	Brown, J.	Levy, P. B.
Chew, James	Lippman, J.	Burchamp Clamp, J.	Logan, J.
Chisholm, R. M.*	McDonald, H. L.	Coyle, C. P.	Logan, W. H.
Cathels, R. C.	Monte, G.	Carroll, D.	Lillis, J. S.
Cohen, G. J., Junr.	Martin, D. N.	Dimond, R. V.	Morrison, J. S.
Coyle, C. P.	Miller, F.	Dowling, J.	Nailon, G. P.
Dowling, J. B.	Murrell, M. A.	Dawson, Dr. A. L.	Pratten, G.*
Emanuel, F. C.	Norton, Ezra.	Dovey, W. R.	Samuels, M.
Farrar, Hon. E. H.*	Ogilvy, D. P.	Douglas, T. K.	Spurway, F. G.
Goldberg, N.	Paton, J. A.	Goldsmid, E. A.*	Shankland, R. E.
Griffith, D. W.	Pratten, G.	Griffin, F. R.	Thompson, C. G.
Gledden, Dr. A. M.	Simpson, S. J.*	Gunning, W. P.	Watson, T.
Garlick, J.	Scott, A. C.	Griffiths, S.	White, H. E.
Hardie, A. B.	Shave, L. C. H.	Hughes, H. G.	Williams, G. S.
Hackett, J. T.	Wilkinson, J. D.	Hoggan, W. R.	Whitehouse, A. J.
Harris, A. O.		Hart, H. A.	
		Holman, W. A., K.C.	

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

C. A. Allen, H. R. H. Bartlett, H. J. Brown, D. Casey, C. S. Clancy, S. Cole, W. A. Dettman, H. R. Diamond, H. Greenberg, A. H. Hattersley, E. P. Hill, T. N. Laycock, N. F. Lowndes, T. J. Laurie, T. J. A. McHugo, C. D. Ogilvy, Archdale Parkhill, M.H.R., E. J. Payne, W. J. Sinclair, J. L. Smithers, J. H. Walke, A. Wolfensberger.

put behind them the worries incidental to city business, smoked and yarned near to where I could not help catching some of their talk, though it was with no idea of eavesdropping that I listened in. They started off by comparing mental notes about the present financial depression, stated what they separately thought about the proposals made by Australian political leaders to meet this. One agreed with the tariff sensation—the other disagreed strongly. Then they talked a bit of gardening, one being keen on dahlias, and roses being the glory of the other man's heart. There's a bit of a gulf at any time between depressed times, political leadership and gardening, say, but far greater is it when the subject of "life after death" came into the gamut of conversation. Sometimes in agreement in their ideas, sometimes at variance, these two members exchanged opinions as to what they thought would happen when the "black-out" of life in due course came along, and one by one they crossed the Styx with old Charon.

Though the Club room is essentially the centre of club life, there are scores of members who hardly ever enter it in comparison with their visits to the dining room, card room, billiard room, or the Athletic Department. Take the Club room from midday on, the week round, and one will see there the same men, for the most part, trying conclusions with those who for long have been their doughty competitors in the making or breaking of rubbers. There's a different air in the precincts of those serious-faced bridge players from that of the big Club room, where conversation ripples round everything under the sun almost, over the Seven Seas, up to Heaven, and back to the other place, with all half-way stops in between. Yes, bridge-playing is serious business, and though at the card table you get the irrepressible humorist who will have his touch of fun at the expense of those with whom he plays, I fancied that the awful fellow who dared to make some loud comment on the progress of the particular game I witnessed, would be qualifying for his speedy execution. He would have been unpopular, to say the least.

But, after all, it is every man to his taste, and though I much like a quiet little four myself, I'd rather gravitate among the bon viveurs who do mostly congregate in the Club room than among the serious gentlemen in the bridge room. The quiet and silence of this important adjunct of the Club is sufficient proof that bridge-playing members take the business seriously; in fact, there's almost an air of religion about the proceedings. The players all seem such good, quiet men!! Personally, I could explain the difference better perhaps, by saying that the reminiscence of the old man whose memories of the league-long rollers of Cape Horn still live, "got" me more than the doings of the bridge kings.

To me, at least, things seem to brighten up somehow when one enters either Billiard Room or round about the Athletic Department; like each adjunct of the Club, there are almost the regular devotees of each. From chat round the billiard table, I gathered that Mr. "Bill" Longworth is much missed, he having recently left for England. An Olympic games athlete, as will be recalled, it would be quite safe to say that he is one of

the best billiards players among Club members. Not long before he left on his trip to England, Mr. Longworth compiled a break of 228, in which he scored the limit of 75 off the red. This was in a game with his old friend, Mr. Charlie Young. These two, I would hazard, make as formidable a pair at billiards as Sydney can produce. Leaving aside the worries incidental to the picture industry, one noticed at the tables the Messrs. Crick Bros., Lake, Ferguson, Chas. Hardy, and Mr. Freeman. And Mr. William Kelso, too, though an old leg injury keeps him from playing regularly, was there, having a stick, too. Some of the racing members were keeping their eyes in by a hundred or two up. Among these were Messrs. Jack Kelso, Harry England, J. Bardon and J. Abbs.

I should say that no Club activity is more popular than that afforded either in Swimming Pool, Gymnasium, or the various etceteras which come under that important department. They are a healthy lot of members to be sure, particularly those who give the hand-ball a rough spin. Almost any day one may see Messrs. J. W. Searcy, Richards, Bracken, Braddock, and the Pratten Bros., but the coming champion of the bunch bids fair to be the well-known legal member, Mr. McMahon. An old Rugby Union player, Mr. W. W. Hill, keeps himself fit by having a game nearly every afternoon. Another day I noticed Dr. Dinnelly, of Macquarie Street, and Dr. Walker, of Rose Bay, both believers in regular exercise, trying conclusions at hand-ball. And Mr. Stanley Mitchell, too, said he believed in supporting the Athletic Department heartily rather than paying doctors' bills. Then, as to boxing, if any Club member desires a few minutes mix-up, I should say that Mr. Reg. Pollard, of Capitol fame, is fast qualifying to be able to oblige him with the gloves. With Mr. Horace Sheldon, Mr. Pollard may often be seen having a box-on.

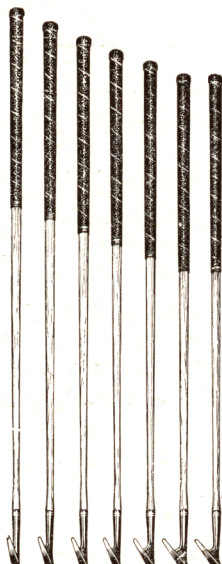
It's a goodly sight, by the way, to have a look-see at some of the bronzed giants disporting themselves in the Swimming Pool, and though with the oncoming of the cold weather, attendances have dropped a bit, I noticed that free style sprinter, Mr. Hans Robertson, doing length after length the other day. And Mr. Frank Carberry, Interstate back-stroke expert, was there, too. Whichever division of the Athletic Department one's taste may lead one to, there is surely ample opportunity given to the average man to keep himself fit and well, and, after all, with everything else given in, there's nothing to compare with one's good health. In that regard I hear that the engineering member of the Club, Mr. H. J. Hoggan, is mighty proud of putting up the Club record for reduction of weight by steam and massage treatment. Exercising in the gymnasium for a start, Mr. Hoggan did his stretch in the "hot-house," and having weighed in at 12 stone 8 lbs., he weighed out of the Rest Room a couple of hours later at 6 lbs. lighter. So corpulent members of the Club, somewhat alarmed maybe with the rapid development of "middle-age" or "old-age" spread, may surely take heart and encouragement and do their best to beat Mr. Hoggan's record, which was put up, incidentally, on April 14th.



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Tattersall's Golf Club at Pymble

Unfortunately torrential rain largely militated against the pleasure of the second outing of the Golf Club, which, by courtesy of the Pymble Golf Club, was held on the picturesque course among the Pymble hills. A number of members left the city when the rain was teeming down and when, truth to tell, there seemed to be but little prospect of any play taking place. How-



At Pymble. Left to right: Messrs. C. P. Conigrave, A. C. Ingham (Chairman, Tattersall's Club), Hon. T. G. Murray, M.L.C. (President, Tattersall's Golf Club), F. V. Richards, and R. J. L. Giddings.

ever, after luncheon at the Pymble Club House, when a fair number of members were present, weather conditions improved. The rain cleared off, the sun shone brightly, and shadows of passing clouds chased one another across the pretty vistas of green, which drop away in graceful sweeps from the hill crowned by the golf house. But, unfortunately, the little break in the weather did not last too long, and by the time that the players, totalling 25/., were on the voyage round the 18 holes heavy, sweeping rain set in again. Golf more or less developed into water polo. In a very short while some of the greens were practically under water, and players as they played on squelched their way through water and mud and across little creeks, which for the time being had become swollen torrents.

It was late in the afternoon before the first pair of players slogged back to the 18th hole. An hour later a cheery little gathering took place in the Pymble Golf House. A hint of the oncoming of winter that gave an added touch of homeliness to the proceedings was the fire which blazed in the old-fashioned, roomy fireplace. In the unavoidable absence of the President of the Pymble Club (Mr. Boreham) the Club Secretary (Mr. Evans) did the honours.

The soaking that players had got during the afternoon's play did not damp the jollity of the gathering, which was presided over by the Chairman of Tattersall's Club (Mr. Arthur C. Ingham). Mr. Tom Murray, M.L.C., the President of what one present termed a fine bouncing baby of the parent club, though only out of

a bed after serious illness had been present throughout the afternoon, but before the speechifying at the golf house unfortunately had to return to the city.

In a happy little speech, Mr. Ingham referred to the kindly letter which had been received from the President of the Pymble Club (Mr. Boreham) in which the wish had been expressed that Tattersall's Golf Club would make their visit an annual fixture. This sentiment was enthusiastically accepted by all those present. The Chairman went on to say that all the visitors appreciated very fully the kindness of their Pymble hosts. Tattersall's Golf Club, he said, had been very unlucky, insofar that both their outings had been partially spoiled by bad weather. Despite that, however, the kindness of their Pymble hosts and the enthusiasm of players, who had braved the drenching rain which swept



The A. C. Ingham Cup, presented by Mr. A. C. Ingham (Chairman of Tattersall's Club), for competition among golf club members.

up and down the Pymble course, had known no bounds. "It would be a good idea," added Mr. Ingham amid laughter, "if Tattersall's golfers paid a visit to Cowra, or Albury, or out to the far west of the State where they wanted rain so badly. They were building up a reputation as rain-bringers, in addition to being good sports. Out west, where the land was parched, the surest recipe for a drenching would be for Tattersall's Club golfers to go along and take the rain with them. He asked those present to clink a glass and drink a hearty toast to the Pymble Golf Club, coupled with the names of its President and Secretary, for their kindness

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and courtesy in having made the course available for the afternoon's play.

Mr. Evans, in responding, referred to the sportsmanship of each visitor. To have seen them playing through the afternoon's drenching rain was proof, if indeed any were needed, that they were good sports. The weather had been against them, but he hoped that



G. J. Watson (Hon. Secretary, Tattersall's Golf Club), takes a shower bath.

when they paid their next visit they would have a better deal with the weather.

Then came the presentation of trophies, the first of these, presented by Mr. W. A. McDonald, being secured by Mr. J. B. Dowling, who was 2 up. In acknowledging the trophy, this popular little member referred with pride to the fact that he had been able to uphold the claims of his home club (Pymble) in the club competition. Mr. H. Kerr had given the second trophy, and this was won by the Club Secretary, Mr. G. Watson, who, as pointed out by the Chairman, had worked so hard to make Tattersall's Golf Club a huge success and had eminently done so. Mr. Vic. B. Audette won the third trophy, which had been given by Mr. W. Scott, Mr. Audette facetiously remarking apropos of the rotten weather conditions under which play had taken place, that if he had thought to have his spectacles fitted with "windscreen wipers," he fancied that he might have done better.

The result of the competition was as follows:—

J. B. Dowling (5) 2 up, G. J. Watson (9) square,

A. J. L. Giddings (3) 1 down, V. B. Audette (15) 2 down, E. Isherwood (5) 3 down, E. A. Nettlefold (18) 3 down, N. Stirling (18) 3 down, R. A. Manzie (18) 3 down, F. V. Richards (7) 4 down, F. Brown (15) 4 down, E. L. Betts (7) 4 down, H. R. McLeod (9) 4 down, M. Polson (11) 4 down, J. T. Hackett (16) 5 down, F. Pfeiffer (6) 5 down, C. E. Young (6) 6 down, W. V. Armstrong (14) 6 down, M. J. Gleeson (18) 6 down, B. L. Thomson (8) 6 down, M. K. Keogh (18) 6 down, J. McLeod (12) 6 down, T. A. Daly (6) 7 down, A. R. Edwards (18) 8 down, W. C. Goodwin (11) 9 down, W. Mierendorff (16) 13 down.

Players who did not "weigh in" were.—R. T. Kelly, Sid. Baker, E. K. White, W. A. McDonald, Geo. Twohill, R. Barwell, A. C. Berk, R. H. Brown, B. A. Levy, W. C. Moodie, A. Buckle, S. Walder, T. G. Murray.

The Next Outing.

The next outing arranged for members of Tattersall's Golf Club will take place on Wednesday, the 14th instant, at the New South Wales Golf Club, La Perouse. The competition will take the form of an 18-hole Bogey Handicap, no handicap to exceed 18 strokes. The first pair will hit off at 1 p.m.

Entries close with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Geo. J. Watson, at 1.30 p.m. on the 12th instant, and must be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Tattersall's Golf Club. The draw and starting times will be exhibited on the Club notice board on the 13th instant, and will also appear in the daily press of the same day.

Three trophies have been kindly donated, and these will be allocated as follows:—

(1) Messrs. Mick Simmons Limited Trophy (bag of clubs) for the best card of the day.

(2) Mr. H. C. McIntyre's Trophy for the best card amongst players whose handicap does not exceed 12 strokes.

(3) Mr. A. C. Berk's Trophy for the best card amongst players whose handicap exceeds 12 strokes.

Arrangements have been made to have lunch with the New South Wales Club, and to assist the Committee in this direction members are specially requested to state on their entry whether they propose to have lunch there or not.

The Ingham Cup

The Chairman of Tattersall's Club, Mr. A. C. Ingham, has kindly presented a handsome cup, which the Committee of the Golf Club has decided is to be played for bi-annually, the winner to receive a replica of the Cup. The first competition for this Cup will be held on the Bonnie Doon Course during next month, it being an 18-holes Stroke Handicap with a limit of 21 strokes.

Tattersall's Golf Club

The membership of the Golf Club continues to grow rapidly, and the Honorary Secretary now reports that the "120 mark" has been reached, which is eminently satisfactory.

In view of the popularity of the events, any Tattersall's Club member who has not yet joined the Golf Club would be wise to do so.

.. Important Events ..



THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

OF MEMBERS will be held in the CLUB ROOM
on WEDNESDAY, 14th MAY, 1930, at 8 p.m.

Tattersall's Club—May Race Meeting

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

SATURDAY, MAY 17th

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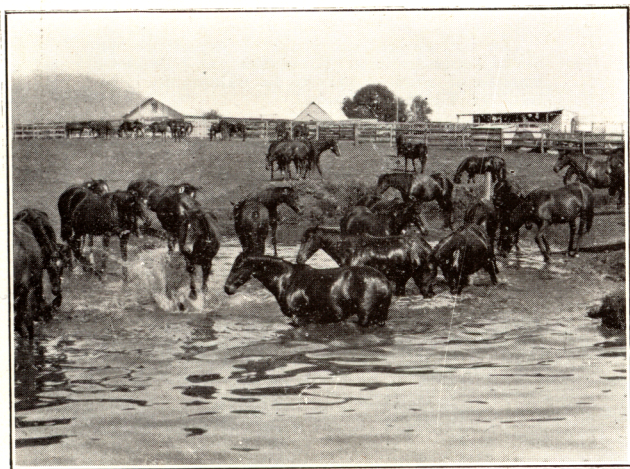
Easter Yearling Sales

Round the Ring

Sportsmen look forward keenly to the annual yearling sales conducted by Messrs. Wm. Inglis & Son Ltd. and Messrs. H. Chisholm & Co. respectively. This year, however, the general depression seemed to affect the sales in quite a marked manner, though, truth to tell, the opening sale of the series by Messrs. Inglis

understand horses than to watch well-bred equine youngsters, many of them from sires and dams who have helped to make Australian turf history, come under the auctioneer's hammer?

The sales always seem to make fit complement to the great Easter Show, in connection with which people



Stud Stock Enjoying a Dip.

caused a certain amount of excitement, this being due to several of the young horses breaking away in a bunch. Galloping round the crescent which connects ring and stables, the youngsters came to the exit gate of the ring itself; in an endeavour to clear this one of the colts smashed it to bits, got into the ring and paced



A Pretty Scene on a Prominent Stud.

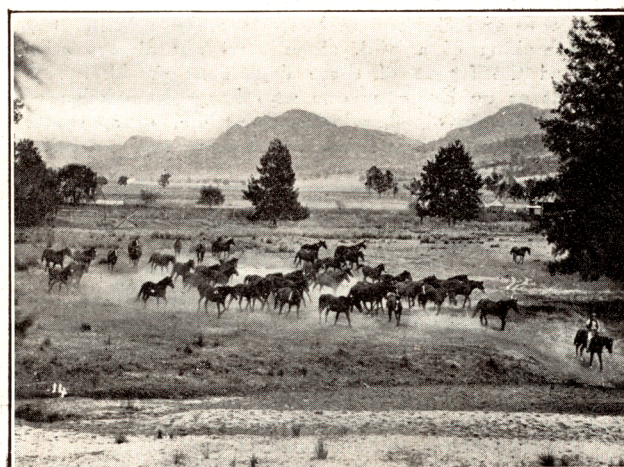
from every corner of the State and elsewhere in Australia have flocked to Sydney. Round those horse rings at Randwick, when the auctioneer takes the rostrum and opens the proceeding by reading the customary conditions of sale, men who know all there is to be known about horses foregather "and blow the cool



A Mob of Brood Mares on the Stud.

round excitedly. Spectators in the front seats rushed to get out of the way, and it was fortunate that only one man was slightly hurt.

On the opening day there was a goodly crowd of prospective buyers and ordinary spectators, for what greater attraction can there be for men who know and



Drafting Stock on the Stud.

tobacco cloud and watch the white rings pass." One has but to listen to some of the conversation round the ring to understand the better that among those keen, critical men are representatives of almost every district of this far-flung State. Men from the far west talk of the drought, of their worries in that regard, and

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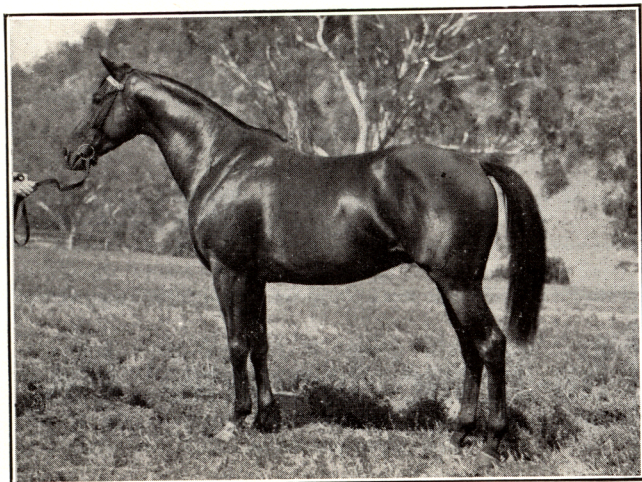
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of how different things would be could they but hear "the pattering of the rain on the station roof." They swap opinions about horses, cattle, sheep and dairying prospects, and heaps of other things, with men from the northern rivers and others from the rich pockets and hollows of the beautiful southern coast, where climate is more kindly and genial than in the great western outback where some men have battled for years against drought and all the worry that it inevitably brings in its train. And in the middle of such talk among men of the land a prancing, high-spirited yearling is led into the ring by a groom. The colt's lineage and his points are rattled off by the auctioneer, but this year there was missing much of the sparkle and the enthusiasm which formerly has characterised such proceedings. "Gentlemen, what am I offered?" is the query from the rostrum, and after much coaxing and much persuasion bidding, maybe, commences; but buyers this year were not prepared, apparently, to plunge and gamble on a prospective winner as has happened aforetime.



Caraval (imp.), leading sire at Macquarie Stud.

Life, we are told, is all a gamble—and that isn't far from the truth. Who can say definitely, for instance, when one gets down to essentials, whether as one goes round the next street corner the destiny of one's whole life may not change? It comes back to the glorious uncertainty which is exemplified when we see tiny tots of youngsters playing "which hand is it in". Sometimes the kiddies will guess correctly, and there are excited peals of laughter as either left or right hand is opened and the prize is found hidden therein. And the same uncertainty holds sway at the back of the sale ring, for, leaving aside the high-class pedigrees which are referred to in the sale catalogues, who can bet with any degree of assurance that this colt or that one will one day lead the field into the straight, and in the presence of tens of thousands of cheering race-goers become a great cup winner? It is all in the laps of the Gods; and, because of that fact, romance there is in plenty, even when the auctioneer's hammer drops and the animal is knocked down to some buyer who believes

he has got something really worth while. Time alone will tell whether his judgment is sound or not. Men of the turf know full well some of the romances of the sale-ring in the past. Colts which, according to the book and to their breeding, should have done great things, and for which there was spirited bidding running into thousands, in due time disappointed buyer, trainer and rider alike when, with other thorough-bred animals, their first big trial came on the racecourse. The high-priced yearling turns out to be a "dud" and the apparently less aristocratic creature, which has changed hands maybe at quite a nominal figure, lands the great prize. Uncertainty reigns supreme when the auctioneer plies his calling and the yearlings come and go.

Comic Opera Racing

It happened at a Queensland "oats" meeting. A good field had started in the 15 Bags Handicap, the finish of which was close enough to argue about, particularly as the judge had been conducting some interesting experiments with beer, and was sound asleep. Nos. 6 and 7 both laid siege to the prize, which weighed a ton and a half. A fight ensued, and was won in the fifth chapter of disturbances by No. 7. That night the oats disappeared, and it was alleged that wheel tracks led to the farm of No. 6. No. 7 threatened to sue the club for his oats, but changed his mind after an interview with the secretary (a very unpleasant man with his fists). Thereafter the 15-bags event was dropped from the programme. The correct winner of the last is still a matter for debate.

Corrigan's Grave

Well-remembered jockey of days ago, "Tommy" Corrigan, lies buried in Melbourne General Cemetery (Carlton). The epitaph is appropriate: "On and beneath the turf all men are equal." May the turf rest lightly!

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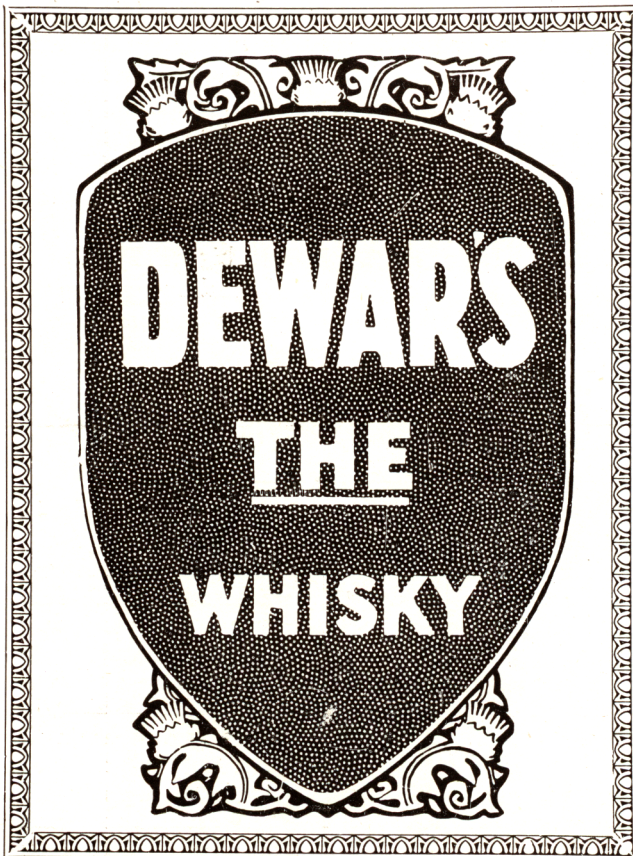
Ward & Son, 30in., £8/5/-; Holloway & Naughton, 30in., £10; 32in. model, £10/10/-; Special model, £12/10/-; Marson, 32in., £11/10/-; Claborough & Johnston, 30in. and 32in., £13; Bonehill, 30in. and 32in., £12/10/-. All Guns both barrels full choke (except Ward Gun), and chambered for 2½in.—some 3in. cartridges. All post free.

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Club News and Notices

Invitation Dances

There was a gay and festive scene in the Club on the evenings of 24th, 25th and 26th April, when the Invitation Dances took place and were very largely attended. Everything that tended to make the functions highly successful had been arranged for, and the dances were thought to be quite the most successful that have been held to date. The large Club room made an ideal Ballroom and to the strains of Jim Donley's orchestra the dance programme went with a delightful swing. Supper on all three evenings was served in the Dining Room, to the accompaniment of music supplied by the Maggie Foster Trio.

Inter-Club Challenge Cup Bridge Competition

Play for the inter-club challenge cup bridge competition, which commenced in January last, is now nearing the final stages. On the 29th April the competition was advanced another stage, when Tattersall's Club team suffered defeat by a team representing Manly, the match taking place at Manly, the result being as follows:—

Burleigh and Monte (Tattersall's Club) lost to Robinson and Spinney (Manly), by 764.

Williams and Grounds (Tattersall's Club) beat Dean and Weedon (Manly), by 1,222.

Dowling and Marks (Tattersall's Club) lost to Sargent and Bucknell (Manly), by 11.

Jacobs and Langley (Tattersall's Club), lost to Stewart Wright and Gould (Manly), by 867.

The total points scored were:—Manly, 1,642; Tattersall's Club, 1,222. Tattersall's Club lost by 420 points.

Club Swimming

Throughout the month great interest has been taken in the swimming events in the Club Pool.

The kindness of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons in presenting a handsome trophy has greatly stimulated the spirit of competition.

Competition for the Dewar Cup commenced in February, and the results of the April events are as under:—

Forty Yards Handicap, 3/4/'30.

First Heat.—V. Armstrong (29) 1, A. Richards (22) 2, S. Carroll (23) 3. Time, 29 2-5 secs.

Second Heat.—H. J. Robertson (19) 1, W. Garnsey (23) 2, K. Hunter (23) 3. Time, 19 1-5 secs.

Final.—V. Armstrong (29) 1, W. Garnsey (23) 2, H. J. Robertson (19), 3. Time, 28 4-5 secs.

Sixty Yards Handicap, 10/4/'30.

First Heat.—H. J. Robertson (31) 1, S. Carroll (39) 2, V. Armstrong (42) 3. Time, 32 secs.

Second Heat.—A. Richards (36) and K. Hunter (35) dead heat 1, W. Garnsey (38) 3. Time, 36 secs.

Final.—H. J. Robertson (31) 1, A. Richards (36) 2, K. Hunter (35) 3. Time, 31 secs.

Forty Yards Handicap, 17/4/'30.

S. Carroll (25) 1, A. Richards (22) 2, H. Robertson (19) 3. Time, 24 4-5 secs.

Sixty Yards Handicap, 24/4/'30.

A. Richards (36) 1, S. Carroll (39) 2, H. J. Robertson (31) 3. Time, 35 2-5 secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 1/5/'30.

1st Heat.—H. Robertson (19), 1; A. Richards (21), 2; S. Carroll (24), 3. Time, 19 1-5 secs.

2nd Heat.—V. Armstrong (29), 1; K. Hunter (22), 2. Time, 29 4/5 secs.

Final.—K. Hunter, 1; V. Armstrong, 2; H. Robertson, 3. Time 22 secs.

The points score as at the 1st instant is as follows:—A. Richard 27, S. Carroll 24, H. Robertson 24, V. Armstrong 22, K. Hunter 16, W. Garnsey 16, K. Wheeler 12, N. Longworth 8, J. D. Wilkinson 6.

Bridge Club

A very successful bridge evening in connection with the above was held in the Card Room on the evening of April 15th, when all present greatly enjoyed themselves. Mrs. V. Laurence and Mr. V. Burley won the first prize, Mrs. C. Gearin and Mr. J. Dowling the second prize, and Mrs. J. Dowling and Mr. R. Price the "booby." The hon. secretary of the Bridge Club, Mr. W. Dalley, will be happy to give information to intending members.

A New Feature

Commencing with this issue, it has been decided to do away with the monthly leading article. Instead of this page, one will be devoted in future to the outlining of Club events, and it is felt that members will appreciate the convenience of being able to see at a glance, when they open the magazine, just what Club functions are to take place.

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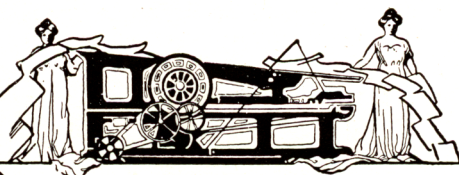
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Personal Club Notes

The very many friends of Mr. George Marlow were most sympathetic towards him when he resumed acquaintance with the Club the other day after a six weeks' absence, necessitated by doctor's orders. That the well-known committeeman had experienced a really trying time was evidenced by his having to resort to the use of a walking stick. However, he is now decidedly mending, and no doubt Mr. Marlow will shortly be showing his confreres in the card room just how auction bridge should be played.

* * *

Quite one of the considerations of many frequenters of Tattersall's Club is whether Amounis will usurp Gloaming as the greatest stake-earner on the Australasian turf. Mr. W. Pearson, owner of Amounis, enjoys a very large circle of friends in Tattersall's Club, and these would like to see Mr. Pearson gain the honour of owning Australia's greatest stake-winner. It is typical of Mr. Pearson when Amounis was so narrowly defeated by Nightmarch in the A.J.C. Autumn Stakes that when the numbers went up his concern was not so much for himself, but for various of his friends who had wagered heavily on the Magpie gelding. These latter, however, were able to square their ledgers when the All Aged Stakes came along for decision, as here Amounis decisively turned the tables on Nightmarch.

* * *

It seems no time since that conspicuous member of the ring, Mr. Lionel Bloom, returned from a trip to England. But that fact notwithstanding, he is again on his way to the other side of the world. He saw the A.J.C. Autumn Meeting to what was probably a profitable end, attending to his settling on the Monday, and then dashed off to Melbourne to catch the Orama in the southern capital. Mr. Bloom was not the only bookmaker so employed, as others of his calling, in Messrs. D. Levy, J. Phillips, A. Sliuce, and L. Vandenberg, also caught the Orama for England. There should never be any trouble to arrange a four at bridge with these sportsmen on board.

* * *

A New Zealand visitor to the Club during recent weeks was Mr. Ian G. Duncan, one of the leading racing lights in the Dominions. Not only is Mr. Duncan one of the leading breeders, but he is a steward on the Wellington R.C.

* * *

It is some time since Mr. J. M. Cameron was in Sydney, although a few years ago that wonderful horse of his, The Hawk, brought him to Sydney repeatedly. But Mr. Cameron has seen fit to return to the land of many of his triumphs, and it did not take him long to make his presence felt, as, with Goshawk, he decisively won a race at the A.J.C. Autumn Meeting.

* * *

Having seen the A.J.C. Autumn Meeting relegated to the limbo of past events, Mr. R. Laycock has seen fit to pay a visit to the Solomon Island ports. He is making the round trip on the Mataram.

Mr. Frank Goldberg, head of the big advertising agency that bears his name, left Sydney by the Aorangi last week on a world tour. Wherever it is possible, Mr. Goldberg will make use of the aeroplane as a means of transport during his travels. By this means he is hopeful that his absence abroad will be shortened somewhat. Prior to Mr. Goldberg's departure, he was the guest of honour at a supper dance, during which a number of presentations were made to the guest, while a number of good luck speeches were indulged in.

* * *

Mr. Stanley Wootton delayed his return to England to the last possible moment. He was thereby enabled to see Phar Lap create his $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles Australasian record at Randwick, and then catch the train to Melbourne, where he boarded the Orama for England, after several particularly happy months in Sydney with his father, Mr. R. Wootton. Prior to his departure from Sydney Mr. Wootton was the guest at a number of functions. He will arrive in England a week or so before the English Derby is run.

* * *

Quite a number of Tattersall's Club members were on the wharf to see the Aorangi depart for Auckland last week. They were bidding farewell to Mr. Warwick Armstrong, who will tour New Zealand on his arrival in the Dominion.

* * *

Many Club members have expressed the opinion that Mr. Alf. Levy, who is in Sydney again, is looking remarkably well. Evidently his recent sojourn in Melbourne has done him no harm. He will remain in Sydney for the A.J.C. Winter Meeting, after which he will hie himself off to Melbourne, to there participate in the Grand Nationals.

* * *

One of the most pleasing victories registered at the recent A.J.C. Autumn Meeting was that achieved in a division of the Rous Handicap by Adrian's March, which carried the colours of the late "Mr. John Baron." No doubt these colours will in future be availed of by Sir Adrian Knox, who, since his resignation from the Chief Justiceship of Australia, has taken a particularly keen interest in racing again. Sir Adrian is a remarkable administrator and it will not surprise if, before long, he is occupying a position on the committee of the A.J.C. However, Adrian's March will not again carry the colours of Sir Adrian Knox, as the Rous Handicap winner has been acquired by another Club member in Mr. W. Kerr. The latter should not regret his most recent purchase.

* * *

Mr. O. E. Norris, a member of the legal firm of Barry, Norris and Wildes, returned to Sydney last week after making a hurried holiday trip to Colombo.

* * *

Genuine regret has been felt by Club members over the inability of Mr. Sol Green's champion, Strephon, to show to advantage in his preparation for the races that



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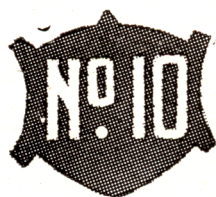
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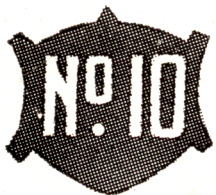
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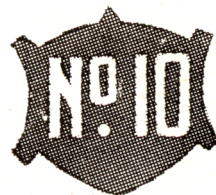
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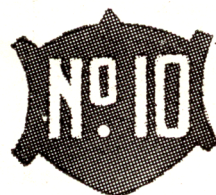
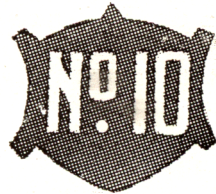
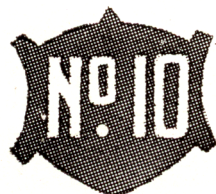


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Mr. Green had in mind when he left Australia for England some little time ago. Mr. Green merely made the trip to England in order to see Strephon in action, but as his horse is unable to show his best form, Mr. Green, while he will be disappointed will take the setback in the philosophical manner that characterises all his sporting and business activities. As Strephon is not to be produced in the Ascot Gold Cup, it is certain that Mr. Green will return to England next year to have another tilt at this coveted trophy.

* * *

Mr. C. Emanuel, one of the many visitors to Tattersall's Club during the past month, returned to Auckland by the Makura last week. A big contingent of New Zealand sportsmen renewed their acquaintance with Tattersall's Club during the A.J.C. Autumn Carnival.

* * *

Amongst the bookmaker members of Tattersall's Club there are a number who indulge in horse racing for a pleasure as well as a business. For instance, quite a number of them have their colours registered, and various of them were represented by a contestant at the A.J.C. Autumn meeting. Mr. A. J. Matthews, owner of Aussie, met with no luck, while Mr. Wallace Mitchell, with Uriah Heep, was also out of luck, although his charge was more than once the occupant of a minor place. It was left to Mr. Frank Gahan to score for his fellow operators, as with Bawn-na-Glass he won the Final Handicap. Since then Mr. E. Lyons had his colours successfully carried by Rosbercon in the Albury Cup. Of course, many will say that Amounis does duty for the book-making owners, as he is raced by Mr. W. Pearson, who is a retired member of the ring.

* * *

Mr. R. Wootton has not been meeting with any luck with Kengo, one of the most recent horses to sport his colours. On several occasions this Kennaquhair gelding has failed his owner. However, Mr. Wootton is of the opinion that this gelding will turn out well over obstacles. If Kengo proves as good in this sphere as his three-quarter brother, Mosstrooper, Mr. Wootton will be the recipient of very many congratulations.

* * *

Mr. James Barnes, who for so many years was chairman of Tattersall's Club, still pursues an active interest in the affairs of the Club. On top of this, his energies also find an outlet on the N.S. Wales Trotting Club's course at Harold Park, while he has made several attempts lately to win at Randwick with a rather unlucky performer in Starlike. The latter, despite recent failures, should shortly favourably advertise the white jacket of Tattersall's Club's former chairman.

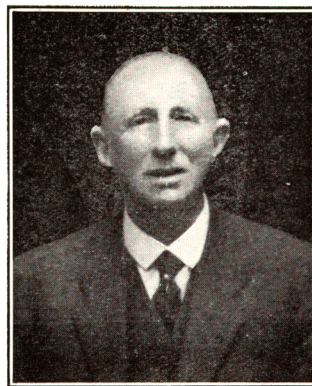
* * *

Sportsmen were distinctly pleased to hear of the change of luck experienced by Mr. Albert Wood, a member of the Club, when one of his charges in Cronulla won a race at Randwick last Saturday. Mr. Wood's luck has been of an excruciating nature, and the change for the better pleased no one more so than Mr. Harry Cantor.

Obituary

Mr. Joseph Nelson

Keen regret will be felt by Club members at the death on April 30th of Mr. Joseph Nelson, who had been a member for the past forty-three years, he having joined the Club on September 15th, 1887. For eleven years, from February, 1914, to March, 1925 Mr. Nelson was Hon. Treasurer of the Club, his work in that capacity being characterised by energy and enthusiasm. Every Club member at the present moment has really to thank our lately deceased member for his clarity of judgment on matters financial as they affected the



The late Mr. Joseph Nelson.

Club during his long occupancy of the position of Treasurer. It will be recalled how loth the Executive and the Club as a whole was to see the late Mr. Nelson retire from office in 1925, particularly as such a course became necessary owing to his failing health.

Though the value of the late gentleman's work on behalf of the Club has been known to the full, it was not until May, 1929, that the Club would officially recognise this. Following an amendment of the Club rules, which provided for the election of honorary life members, the late Mr. Nelson was elected a Life Member, and now that he has passed away it is pleasing to recall the fact that he appreciated very much indeed the honour conferred upon him by the Club for which over long years he had done so much. Particularly those who sat at the Executive table with Mr. Nelson as Treasurer, know what wisdom he displayed when in charge of the Club finances. And no greater compliment can be paid to our late member's memory than by remembering that his methods of finance were sound and solid to a degree, and it can be said with truth that many a time he sacrificed his personal time, convenience and means in order that he could do something more for the Club of which he was so mightily proud.

The funeral of our late member moved on Thursday last, May 1st, from his residence, "Rhodesia," Macleay Street, to the Jewish portion of the Rookwood cemetery. Rabbi Cohen officiated at the graveside.

The chief mourners were Mrs. B. Nelson (widow), Messrs. Leslie Gordon and Clive Cohen (brothers-in-law), D. A. Solomon, W. K. Harris and F. Harris (cousins) and H. E. Isaacs (nephew).

Among those at the graveside were the following:—Mr. A. C. Ingham (Chairman), Messrs. T. Hannan and J. A. Roles (Members of Committee), T. T. Manning (Secretary), James Barnes (ex-Chairman), M. J. Kinane (ex-Committee-man), G. F. Wilson (Handicapper) and Jno. Samuel.

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All-Aged Stakes

The Miler's Acid Test

Although horses admittedly not of the highest class have won other weight-for-age races of one mile, the All-Aged Stakes over that distance at the Randwick Autumn Meeting numbers among its winners few horses that were not of undeniable championship standard. Carrying £3,000 in added money, it is the most richly endowed w.f.a. mile race in Australia. Therefore it invariably attracts first-flight racehorses—frequently a small, but always classy, field.

Amounis, winner of the most recent, finished a length before Melbourne Cup winner Nightmarch. Though pace was not inquired for in the early stages, the completed mile was thrown astern in 1 min. 37 secs.—a fleeting $\frac{1}{4}$ second outside Claro's race record, and only $\frac{3}{4}$ second longer than the best Randwick record. Incidentally, that fastest ever also stands to the credit of Amounis, and was registered by this durable son of imported Magpie in October, 1926. He has now annexed £40,500 in stakes, which moves him up into second place, £2600 astern of top-liner Gloaming.

Going back, we find such celebrated names as Mollison, Limerick, Valicare, Fuji San, The Hawk, Claro, Beauford, and Chrysolaus in first place. All of these horses took this coveted event from fields comprising the best milers in the business. For instance, when Valicare fled from the field of 1926, the horses astern included such race-track stars as Topgallant and The Night Patrol. Probably the most brilliant field of gallopers that ever contested this "Golden Mile" was that of 1925, when Whittier, The Night Patrol, Beauford, The Hawk, and Heroic faced the barrier. That was The Hawk's year. Heroic forfeited any chance he had of outpacing the bustling New Zealander by a late start.

In the Doncaster of 1920, Chrysolaus, ridden by Lilyman, had the race almost in his owner's pocket. But the jockey eased, and outsider Sydney Damsel, desperately ridden, tore by to an inches win. Whereat disappointed punters said things that would look bad in print. That the race was given away like a Christmas box was proved by the all-one-way style in which the loser, ridden this time by that able horseman Pike, at 9.1 (10lbs. more than he carried in defeat), took the All-Aged Stakes on the following Wednesday. When in the correct humour it is doubtful if we have ever seen a faster horse than Chrysolaus.

When it is noted that brilliant horses such as Whittier, Heroic, and Topgallant were never able to attach this race to their list, it can justly be said that the winning of an All-Aged Stakes sets the seal on the fame of a horse as a miler.

Gloaming never started in this event.

Regarding Heroic, a Sydney sporting paper recently stated that he was the equal of Gloaming up to a mile and a half. The fact is that Heroic never won a really top-class mile race at weight-for-age. His only w.f.a. success at this distance was in a minor event at Williamstown. As a three-year-old he was beaten in the C. M. Lloyd Stakes at Flemington, and in the All-Aged

Stakes at Randwick. At four years his attempts at this distance resulted in the following defeats:—Second to The Night Patrol in the Mooney Valley Stakes; beaten by Fuji San in the October Stakes at Flemington; third to The Night Patrol and Whittier in the Linlithgow Stakes, while in the C. M. Lloyd Stakes he again ran second behind The Night Patrol. Heroic's claim to notice as a weight-for-age performer must rest on his defeat of Gloaming in the nine furlongs Chelmsford Stakes, and on Windbag in the Cumberland Stakes of $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles. While he must be given full credit for the first of these two successes, few students of racing would concede that his one defeat of Windbag proved anything more than that the latter was incapable of acting in the slushy going which obtained that day. The pair met again three days later in the A.J.C. Plate, and the result was a decisive win for Windbag, who also won the Autumn Stakes of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, Pillie-winkie second, Heroic third.

The All-Aged Stakes has been a good race for 3-year-olds, recent winners at this age being Valicare, Speciality, Woorak, and Mollison.

Carbine and Wakeful, giants of aforetime, both performed the feat of landing this miler's Waterloo and the Cumberland Stakes on the one afternoon.

Record time for the race is 1 min. $36\frac{3}{4}$ secs., registered by Claro in 1924.

A Portable "Tote"

Attention is drawn by recent cables from London to the recent operation of a practical mechanised totalisator suitable for the special conditions of racing in Great Britain. We gather in this connection from the London "Times" that successful demonstrations of the new "tote" were recently given at Folkestone under the auspices of the British Betting Control Board and the companies which have worked to their specifications. The distinguishing feature of the new machine is its portability. Each of its component parts is a compact, self-contained unit, which can be detached and removed from one racecourse or from one pooling centre to another, almost as easily as an electric light bulb can be taken from its socket. When the race meeting is in progress all that is left of the totalisator is the building in which the machines are housed, the stands on which the various units are fixed, the underground wiring, and the framework of the indicator. The necessary capital outlay on any given course is, therefore, very much less than if it were to be equipped with a complete installation of its own. In spite of the small space required for the operation of the machine, it is stated to be capable of handling efficiently and expeditiously any number of tickets and any turnover up to £100,000, or more. It does not entail the employment of a large staff; comparatively little wiring is necessary between the various indicators, control equipment and ticket-issuing machines, and the figures on the indicator can be read distinctly in bright sunlight at a distance of 150 yards.



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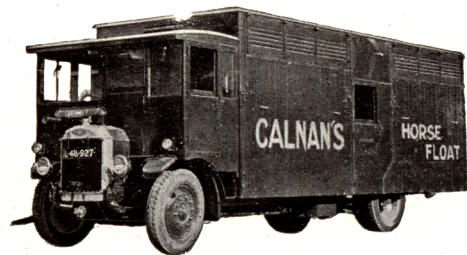
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THOMAS ST., SYDNEY

Something About Dogs

Sagacity and False Teeth

(By E.T.)

Most people are fond of animals, but dogs as a general rule seem to appeal to the majority of us more than any other animals; their acute intuition showing often an inconceivable intelligence, and this, combined with extreme faithfulness and unlimited affection displayed towards his master or mistress—often under the most adverse circumstances—tends to warm our hearts as the qualities of few animals are capable of doing.

Having been a great lover of dogs since I was a youngster, I have taken a keen interest in them always, and have found an endless source of amusement in their (often remarkable) reasoning power.

One little incident which happened at my home near Sydney I think is worth relating as showing the sagacity of a small mongrel dog—a black and tan terrier. For several days I had noticed this dog in the company of a young, well-bred Airedale. They made a habit of coming leisurely into my garden from the adjoining park to frolic on the terraced lawns in front of the house. Many times I stood on the balcony looking down at the quaintly assorted pair, and thinking how impudent they were in making themselves so much at home, and being greatly amused at the incongruous companionship—the tiny mongrel being no match for the clumsy, loosely-jointed Airedale in their sport.

Early one morning unusual sounds of distressed barking woke me, as though a dog had been tied up against his will, and he was letting the world know of his grievance. From the balcony I scanned the park—the sounds appearing to come from that direction—but could see no sign of a dog. All day long I heard incessant whining, interspersed with loud, staccato yelps of protestation, but as the afternoon wore on these became fainter. Previously in the day I had noticed the little terrier prowling disconsolately about the garden alone, but I had attached no importance to this. In the cool of the evening I decided to make a tour of investigation, as I could still hear occasional whining—though it was very faint—which worried me excessively. Having no immediate neighbours, I thought that the dog I could hear could not belong to anybody in the vicinity.

Thinking my own dog would prove useful in the search, I set off with him beside me. I had barely stepped from the verandah, when to my surprise, I beheld the little mongrel rushing towards us from nowhere, as it seemed. I thought he was looking for a fight, so picked up a nearby hose and turned it on him with full force, to ward him off. He simply ignored this, and kept making frantic rushes towards us as he dodged the water. I was puzzled greatly at these strange actions, as my experience of dogs has been that they loathe water from a hose being played over them. He was so persistent in his attentions that I concluded he was too interested in my dog to let such a trivial matter as water deter him from his object, so I tied up my dog out of harm's way, as I thought. It was almost dusk when I set forth once more to investigate. Imagine my surprise—when on reaching the garden—I found the little mongrel there waiting for me. The moment I

appeared he ran towards me and commenced to whine—his whole mien expressing great agitation. I spoke to him and tried to coax him nearer, but with a sharp, excited yelp he turned and ran quickly towards the foot of the garden, where there was a steep, rocky ravine, between twenty and thirty feet deep, and which carried the storm waters into the sea a few hundred yards below. The banks of this ravine were overgrown with dense native scrub and the prolific-growing lantana, these affording a splendid haven for the one-time domestic cats which had gone wild.

I followed behind the little dog until he paused on the bank of the ravine. On peering between the bushes, I could hear no sound, nor could I see too well in the uncertain light. Feeling certain I had been guided to this spot for some good reason working in the doggy mind, I determined to scour the banks and the gully itself if necessary. I wormed my way cautiously amongst the dense growth, when I heard suddenly the crackling of dry twigs in a clump of lantana overhanging the bank. Upon investigating, to my consternation I saw the big Airedale caught in this like a rat in a trap, he being wedged firmly between the branches, having been suspended in mid-air. I realised it was futile to attempt a rescue from the top of the bank, so hastened to the house, where I procured a pair of steps. Panting and struggling with these over the terraces to the mouth of the gully, I managed eventually to drag them over the rocky and slippery bed until I came to the spot where the Airedale was imprisoned many feet above. I placed the steps against the bank and ascended them as high as I could, but found myself in a quandary, as I could not reach the dog. However, I managed to break away some of the twigs, which had the desired effect of liberating one of his hind legs, with the result that, with a violent effort he freed himself suddenly from the remaining restricting branches, and with a wild leap hurled his huge body at me where I stood in my precarious position on top of the steps. Fortunately, I had anticipated something of the kind, and avoided the impact by grasping firmly a stout branch of the lantana at my side. The poor brute was parched with thirst, as it had been an exceptionally hot day, and the moment he fell into the bed of the gully, he simply wallowed in the adjacent pools of stagnant water. The next moment, he showed his gratitude, without warning, by shaking the filthy, muddy stuff all over me unceremoniously, and trotted up to the mouth of the gully, where he was greeted joyfully by his little play-fellow, whose sagacity, without doubt, had saved his life.

An amusing incident comes to my mind in connection with a beautiful mastiff owned by some friends of mine in England. This dog—Caesar by name—had been trained to carry the shopping basket when any member of the family went into the village. During my stay with them at their home in Devonshire, I became a great pal of Caesar's, and we two had many delightful rambles together, wandering over green fields and nar-

row country lanes. Chudleigh—the village in which lived my friends—is situated on the main London highway between Exeter and Torquay. Those who know England and are familiar with the continual stream of traffic upon these main roads during the holidays, will appreciate the following. One afternoon, my friend and I and Caesar had gone into the village to collect a few items which the grocer had forgotten to deliver that morning, Caesar as usual carrying the basket as he trotted along with stately gait. As we were crossing the main thoroughfare, he spied a particular canine chum of his, and becoming engrossed in making his salutations, he became somewhat negligent in his duty, with the result that the basket he carried became unbalanced, and the goods were scattered on the middle of the road. We could not go to the rescue on account of the traffic, but the ever-obliging policeman kindly held it up while an unperturbed Caesar made futile attempts to scrape and push the unruly parcels back into the basket, which lay on its side near them. Needless to say, a small crowd soon collected, and Caesar became the hero of the moment—dozens of automobiles being held up while the kindly officer of the law obligingly repacked the basket.

There were two butchers in the village, but my friends dealt with one only. In spite of all his dignity, Caesar was not too proud to pay a daily call—for the juicy bone which awaited his coming—at the shop of the butcher who failed to gain the patronage of his mistress. The moment the bone was in his possession, he made for the other butcher's shop, where he placed his treasure in a corner beneath the counter, while he waited patiently for the butcher to give him his daily rations. These he carried home with all the speed his bulk permitted, taking care to return immediately for the bone he had taken the foresight to leave beneath the counter of the butcher that the family patronised.

Another family I stayed with in Surrey had a small Pekinese. This little dog had a remarkable habit of going to her bed at night with her teeth embedded firmly in a golf ball. Nothing would induce her to settle down for the night without it, and, strangely enough, she kept the ball in her mouth until the morning. Pekinese, as we know, have a habit of snoring, but with emphasis I can say that a Peke with a golf ball in her mouth all night is not exactly conducive to sweet slumber—which I experienced to my discomfort. However, the family did not seem to mind this inelegant serenading whilst in the arms of Marpheus, and, being a guest, I felt I had to be polite and say nothing.

Whilst in England recently I was, by the way, greatly amused at a paragraph I read in one of the leading papers which said that "the rats of the village were having a laugh," as a fox terrier noted for his wonderful prowess in catching them, had lost his set of false teeth on the banks of the river where he spent his time in hunting. He had a wonderful record as a rat-catcher, and when old age deprived him of his molars, his proud owner had a special set of teeth made for him. It added that all the children of the village were searching for the lost molars, as the dog was so well known, and was a general favourite.

A Striking Parallel

The accompanying illustration is taken from a photograph of one of the paintings purchased from Mr Stuart Reid by the British authorities for their permanent collection in the Imperial War Museum at the Crystal Palace, London. The tragedy here depicted parallels strikingly in some respects that in which Lieut. Keith Anderson and his mechanic lost their lives in Northern Australia during their search for the missing Southern Cross.



Reproduction of picture by Captain Stuart Reid, now in Imperial War Museum, Crystal Palace, London.

The Ridley Tragedy, as Mr. Reid's picture is entitled, shows how the bodies of 2nd Lieut. S. G. Ridley and 1st Air Mechanic Garside were found with their plane on June 20, 1916, in the burning sand wastes near Assuan.

The airmen had been making a reconnaissance of the Dakla Oasis, near Dafur, east of Assuan, on June 16, and, owing to engine trouble, made a forced landing in the desert. An accompanying machine also landed and then flew back to the aerodrome for assistance. Before that came Ridley and Garside managed to restart their machine and get it into the air. Further trouble soon developed, however, and they had to land again a considerable distance from the place where they were first forced down. With their water supply all gone, their sufferings, like those of Anderson and his companion, must have been appalling, and when they were found by a patrol of the Imperial Camel Corps they were both dead in the positions shown in the picture.

Other examples of Mr. Reid's war paintings will be shown in subsequent issues of this magazine.

Gilbert

"Sit down there, pensively," said Gilbert, of the famous partnership, during a rehearsal. The artist sat down somewhat forcibly and wrecked the flimsy "prop." "That's not pensively," said Gilbert, "that's expensively!"

Training Systems

Facts and Deductions

(By "Murkah.")

That a horse was trained for only six furlongs is an oft-heard expression in praise of victory, or excusing defeat, in a distance race. Many racing men, and some trainers, believe that in order to fit a horse for a distance long work is required. But experience goes to show that true fitness, however arrived at, conditions a horse for any distance up to the limit of his natural powers. The instances of horses winning stayers' races on sprint preparations are innumerable. Take the case of that grand animal Heroic, who, with 9.8 on top, won the Newmarket Handicap in 1 min. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs., and a week later captured a 2 miles' weight-for-age event on the same racecourse.

Admittedly the company in the latter race was not high-class; but the race was run soundly enough to prove that he must have been a fit horse. It needs scarcely be stated that his Newmarket preparation necessarily consisted of sprint work. Heroic crossed to Randwick and beat Windbag at 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, and was, perhaps unluckily, beaten in the Sydney Cup of 2 miles. Many parallel cases could be cited, such as Nightmarch winning the Epsom and running a close second in the Metropolitan two days later. Bard of Avon missed the Epsom and landed the Metrop., a performance more recently duplicated by Loquacious. Such cases can be multiplied, and all help to prove writer's contention that horses can be brought to concert pitch for any distance within their compass by fast sprinting work.

Followers of racing will remember that G. Price was subjected to criticism in bulk because of the fact that Windbag's preparation for the Melbourne Cup of 1925 consisted almost entirely of gallops of seven furlongs and a mile. But this trainer knew what he was about. It is racing history that Windbag landed his Cup by a sustained finishing burst, fairly worrying that phenomenal three-year-old Manfred out of the race, which, incidentally, was run in record time. That straight-long rush, at the end of a vicious two miles, was the very thing critics said his short-distance training gallops would unfit him for.

On the other hand, no amount of distance work has ever assisted a sprinter to stay a distance naturally beyond him, and undoubtedly many high-class sprinters have had their careers spoiled and shortened by misguided efforts to make stayers of them. Outstanding recent cases are those of Mollison and Soorak. Latter was prepared for the A.J.C. Derby on sprint work, and he lost by only a head to that great stayer and determined finisher Rivoli. On the strength of this, and in the absence of Rivoli, he went out a hot favourite for the Victorian Derby. But he failed utterly, and the natural inference is that prior to the A.J.C. Derby his natural sprinting powers had not been impaired by distance work, and that he was therefore able to take full advantage of his undoubted pace to almost down Rivoli. Being naturally a non-stayer this set-to with such a high-pressure finisher at the end of a mile and a

half permanently settled him. Apart from winning a Caulfield Guineas in moderate company his subsequent performances were negligible.

There still exists a school of trainers who are staunch adherents of the old method of long searching gallops, such as were inflicted on Standby. Some of them, notably James Scobie, have achieved much success, and possibly some of his winners were best suited by long-distance work. But race-winning results achieved by other systems at least suggest the possibility that equal fitness may have been secured by short work, and that under these circumstances many Scobie-trained animals might have been equally successful, and continued their stake-winning careers much longer. Take the case of Bitalli, who won a Melbourne Cup (1923) and died shortly afterwards. Standby—beaten by a head in 1924—was useless subsequently. Trivalve, another Cup-winner, did but little thereafter. He won three races in the following Autumn—a Leger with no opposition to speak of, while in the other two the runner-up on each occasion was old Pilliewinkie, long past his prime. A.J.C. St. Leger at Randwick Autumn Meeting a few weeks later served to show just how far he had slipped. In a field of three, the finish saw him 25 lengths back—almost in a different acre to the leading pair.

Racehorse speed is the sum of two factors. First, vitality, which governs speed of movement, or striding rate; second, conformation, which regulates the animal's "reach," or distance covered per stride. It is possible that a superabundance of vitality may counterbalance a slight deficiency in structure. Which fact probably gave birth to the remark: "They run in all shapes." Despite which grey-haired statement they run in certain shapes for choice. A horse's conformation cannot be altered by any method; it remains constant till death. But vitality can be sapped, and nothing would drain it faster than long, wearying gallops in training.

Compare Trivalve's short-circuited career, subsequent to his Melbourne Cup win, with the triumphal march of the sprint-trained record-holder Windbag. A year after latter's Cup victory he met Valicare at a mile, and inflicted her first defeat on that remarkable mare. Craven Plate finish saw Windbag before, Limerick behind, and Valicare in third position. In the Autumn following his Cup he took the Autumn Stakes (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles), and the A.J.C. Plate (2 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles), the horses astern including such a first-flighter as Heroic, and Pilliewinkie, fresh from his Australian Cup triumph under 9.6.

Writer would not dream of asserting that Scobie was wrong; the possibility that some horses may require long-distance work to fit them has already been mentioned. Facts are submitted as possibly showing that a less arduous preparation may have produced an equal degree of fitness, and considerably lengthened the horse's victorious career.

Which leads to another phase of the question—an argumentative "bone" that many have worried: "Does

a horse need to be fitter to win a distance race than a sprint event?" In the light of what has been written above the answer must be "no"—the degree of fitness required is the same in both. If there is any difference, then it is likely that the sprint-racer needs to be more perfectly attuned. Consider the human athlete. Can that fleeting rarity—a 10 secs. runner—always register 10 secs.? No! His muscular powers almost certainly remain constant, and he may feel quite all right. Yet there are days when fractions appear after the 10. It is thus evidenced that he was "out of tune," and in consequence unable to produce that last whisp of mental driving force which would have won the race; for super-speed in man or horse is a mental as well as a physical attribute. Were it purely physical yearling purchases would not be such a lottery; the tape-measure would almost inevitably reveal the future champion. But that impalpable quality called vitality, or nerve-force, which resides in the brain, cannot be measured—hence 10 guinea champions and 4,000 guinea failures.

Sprint races are run at a terrific pace throughout. Yet the animal which is to single itself out nearing the post has to produce a regular explosion of speed in addition—a concentrated flash of movement which only the utmost degree of co-ordination between brain and muscle renders possible. And that demands perfect fitness.

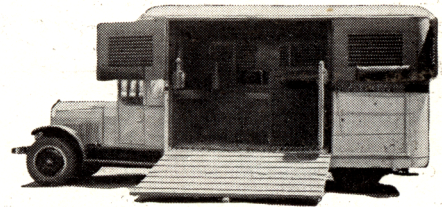
Writer considers that this harmony of mental and physical attributes, so necessary to the successful sprinter, applies in a considerably less degree to the distance winner. The stayer depends on solid plugging power, and sheer stamina (a physical characteristic) is of paramount importance. No lover of that magnificent animal—a racehorse—would think of doubting the mentality of either sprinter or stayer. But whilst the latter's race-winning ability depends primarily on physical qualities, writer is quite unable to imagine a horse not perfectly attuned, physically and mentally, winning such a race as that 6-furlongs' dash—the Newmarket Handicap.

It is notably the case that the stayer runs more consistently to form than the sprinter. This suggests that the latter is of a more highly-strung temperament.

Obviously both must have their upsets. But experience has shown that these are more harmful to that sensitive skinful of nerves and electricity which we call a sprinter than to the comparatively steady endurance animal—which is but natural. The equine flash, at his top from barrier to box where, if his name is to be hoisted first, he must arrive with a flick-of-lightning rush, is literally working on nerve.

Trainers of to-day are realising that staying power is inherent (i.e., it cannot be "presented" to a horse not naturally built that way). They are also learning that purely sprinting exercise does not sap that native ability. Hence hoary training methods of exhausting two and three mile grinds is rapidly falling into discard. The fact that races of to-day, both sprint and distance, are run in times that would not have been thought possible years ago, proves that the latter-day training system has in no way impaired staying power. On the contrary, superior brilliance has resulted.

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May Race Meeting



Saturday, May 17th, 1930

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £2 each, £1 forfeit, to be declared to the Secretary before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1930, with £500 added; second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. The winner of any hurdle race or steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 10 lbs. extra. ABOUT TWO MILES.

THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit, to be declared to the Secretary before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1930, with £600 added; second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. SIX FURLONGS.

TATTERSALL'S STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit, to be declared to the Secretary before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1930, with £400 added; second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (maiden races excepted) exceeding £150 in value to the winner up to time of running.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

TWO-YEARS-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit, to be declared to the Secretary before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1930, with £450 added; second horse £90, and third horse £45 from the prize. For two-years-old. SIX FURLONGS.

THE JAMES BARNES STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit, to be declared to the Secretary before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1930, with £750 added; second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit, to be declared to the Secretary before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1930, with £400 added; second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. ONE MILE.

Forfeit must be declared before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1930, or the nominator will be liable for the full amount of Sweepstakes.

A.J.C. Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting, and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

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